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PALINGENESY.

NATIONAL REGENERATION.



AN ADDRESS

BY

REV. T. M. POST, D. D.,
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Delivered by invitation at the

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

NOVEMBER 4, 1864.

Phonographically Reported for the Missouri Republican.



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INTRODUCTION.

The following correspondence explains the nature of Dr. Post's Address, and the reason of its delivery:

ST. LOUIS, October 20th, 1864.

REV. DR. POST—*Dear Sir:* The patriotism, wisdom and eloquence which you have always exhibited in the discussion of public questions, inspire us with the liveliest desire to hear the oration on "National Regeneration," which you recently pronounced at the Commencement of Middlebury College. Believing that an expression of your views upon the restoration and renovation of the Union would be of public service, we cordially invite you to deliver that Address at the Hall of Washington University. The encouragements to loyalty which are based upon political philosophy, enforced by historic example and pervaded by Christian sentiment, cannot fail to be eminently useful.

We solicit an early compliance with this request.

Yours very truly,

W. G. ELIOT,	C. S. GREELEY,
GEORGE PARTRIDGE,	JAMES E. YEATMAN,
WAYMAN CROW,	F. B. CHAMBERLAIN,
JAMES RICHARDSON,	S. B. KELLOGG,
S. C. DAVIS,	J. P. COLLIER,
HENRY HITCHCOCK,	S. WATERHOUSE.

—
ST. LOUIS, October 22d, 1864.

Messrs. ELIOT, WATERHOUSE, and others.

GENTLEMEN: I feel highly honored by your invitation to re-present the address delivered by me last summer at the anniversary of Middlebury College. A request from such a source would ever induce a compliance, if in my power. But it would be impossible for me to reproduce the address in exact form, as it was not reduced to writing.

Its theme was the Palingenesy, or the Reconstruction and Renovation of Nations and Civilizations, with special reference to our own country and time.

It deals with the ideas which must be the primordial and organic forces of such renovation and reconstruction, rather than with an attempted programme of political measures.

It aims to indicate the great principles which alone can revitalize our nationality or civilization, which must be the norm of any political or social order that can be beneficent or permanent, and, disregarding which, any scheme of reconstruction can only ultimate in deeper and gloomier ruin.

The address was originally delivered before a religious and philanthropical organization. This, together with my own convictions of the ideas which must preside over our own National Palingenesy, give to the discussion the aspect and color of an argument from a Christian stand-point.

If, with this statement of the spirit and aim of the address, you still think it expedient to reproduce it, I shall take pleasure in doing so at any time you may indicate.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

With high respect, truly yours,

T. M. POST.

—
The Address was delivered on the evening of November 4th, to a large and appreciative audience.

The satisfaction which the rich learning, profound reasoning and fervid loyalty of the speaker afforded the assembly, expressed itself in a general and urgent demand for the publication of the discourse. With this request the courteous consent of Dr. Post and the phonographic skill of Mr. L. L. WALBRIDGE have enabled the Committee to comply.

PALINGENESY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: As has been already stated, I appear before you this evening at the kind solicitation of very much valued and trusted friends; but at the same time, it is due to these gentlemen to state, that they are not responsible at all for what I may say here, as they have none of them heard the address which I propose to deliver, and I suppose have been induced to extend the invitation to me from favoring rumor. I will state also, that I apprehend there may be something of a disappointment in the tone and manner of the address. It is hardly in keeping with the fervid and fierce philippics to which you are some of you nightly treated in this week before the election. The address was originally delivered before a literary and philanthropical association, and in some respects belongs to the philosophical chamber more than it does to the hall of political harangue. The term also which I use to indicate the topic that is to engage us this evening, may be liable to misapprehension. It is an unfamiliar term, but it designates better than any single word that I can find in our language, the theme upon which I propose to speak, and which I think represents to this nation the great question of the hour.

The term *Palingenesy is employed by our Saviour to denote social regeneration, and from this has passed in classic usage to designate the second birth of nationality or civilization; not simply reorganization or reconstruction, but the renovation of the vital and organic forces themselves; the revivification and reinvigoration of modes of thought and feeling which must constitute the primordial and organic forces of any restoration.

*NOTE.—*Vide* Mat., 19:28, where it is translated, "regeneration."

The times I think call for this discussion; for not only our Government, but our very civilization is menaced. Not only our institutions are assailed, but the ideas which created them—ideas which, with our fathers, held the place of first truths, and were to them the most practical convictions, and for which they braved the axe and faggot, imprisonment and exile and battle—overturned thrones, crossed seas, founded empires, achieved revolutions, organized society and government—these have become terribly shaken by the shock of our present rebellion. Old heroic traditions seem perishing. Old and time-honored thoughts and maxims seem passing out of the nation's life. The principles, organic and vital, of our social and civil order, seem well nigh death-stricken by various causes, but especially by the subtle poison diffused through the national mind by the institution which has caused this war.

You are familiar with the fact that these ideas and maxims—these principles of belief which have guided and directed our society and civilization heretofore, and had become a passion and a faith—almost a religion, with this nation—have been termed in some quarters "glittering generalities"—mere rapid, general platitudes"—to be sneered out of the world. Upon this topic, therefore, I have thought it best that we should converse together awhile this evening.

I fear that there is a sinking of political faith in this American people—that we are beginning to distrust these opinions that have been regarded as "self-evident truths" by us, and that have come down consecrated by the wisdom of past ages, vindicated by martyr and heroic blood in the high places of battle on this continent and in the Old World—that there is a want of faith in the principles of

political liberty—a want of faith in the possibility of a free, social order; and a want of faith in the institutions, the government, and civilization of the land.

We meet this evening amid the clangor of partial national ruin. Of our dome of empire not only some of the arches are fallen, but a shock has been imparted which has caused the entire structure to totter. The old *regime*, social, ideal, ecclesiastic, financial as well as political, has, in many sections of the Republic, passed away, never to return.

Now, what must be our national regeneration? our Palingenesis? Or is there none for us? Is our nation a hopeless failure? our civilization already in process of decay? And here meets us a very solemn question.

There are many that contend there is no such thing as political regeneration. They point us to Niebuhr's picture of Greece, after the Peloponessian war, and it is indeed a melancholy picture. Greece was "living Greece" no more after that fratricidal strife. The old Hellenism had passed away forever like a beautiful and heroic dream. He describes it as a land already in hopeless decay. The national and ethnic sentiment had fled. Its early faith, its heroism, its enthusiasm for liberty and country were gone. It was a land without hope, without a future. There was for it no renovation.

So of the old Roman world under the latter Cæsars. I know of no picture of mankind more melancholy—a world in hopeless decrepitude; old ideas upon which they had built heroic action, dead; and the mind of earlier times gone forever; heroic passion and virtue forgot; heroic memories faded into myth; civilization in dissolution. The human race itself seems old and dying. And there are those who universalize this fact; and they tell us these aspects of decay of Greek and Roman civilization represent stages inevitable in all national life; that all nations have their climacteric beyond which they can only descend to the grave. They point to Assyria, China, India and Egypt as examples. There was no second youth for Persian or Phœnician, the Latin or Hellenic races; Babylon had none; nor Athens nor Magna Grecia; nor fair Ionia; nor Rome; nor Jerusalem. Ancient history presents in whole or in part no such rejuvenescence. Nor will they admit in modern history any certain examples. Indeed, there is a school that theorize all history into fate—a mere game of inexorable necessity. They find its programme written in Physical Geography; on land, flood and sky; the configuration of continents, the courses of rivers, the nature of soils, the belts of latitude. Soci-

ety, they claim, is the mere creature, the victim of nature. Nations, societies, civilizations, they moreover assure us, are all mortal. The shadows of death are on their cradles. Life with them, as with the plant or tree, is limited by the ethnic germ. History is a circle ever returning upon itself—a birth, growth, climacteric, decline and death in a course as fixed as that of the seasons. And progress, that of which we speak so hopefully, is with them but an eddy, ever turbidly whirling; or an endless oscillation between two opposite polarities; a vibration between reform and counter reform.

But is this so? Is history but the endless labor of a Sisyphus? a web of Penelope, ever woven, but only to be raveled and rewoven? Is society cased in a mechanism of adamant fate, where genius and heroism, passion and achievement, and all that we admire as most powerful and free in humanity, are only forces to hasten the motion along the grooves of an eternal necessity? And to die—is it with nations as with men and animals, only the debt of nature?

I thank my God I confess to no such gloomy creed. Both my logic and faith revolt from it. History is no eddy, though embracing many such. It is a Mississippi, bearing all eddies with reflux or affluent whirl, ever to the great ocean. It exhibits in itself, it is true, perpetual oscillatory movement; but the oscillation is of the pendulum below, that is ever moving the index hand above, on the horologe of the ages, ever nearer to the morning hour.

Its movement, too, presents also periodicity and rotation; but it is the rotation not of the circle but of the cycloid; or the curve described by a point in the periphery of a carriage wheel in onward motion, which point ascending or descending never retrogrades; but ever in each revolution starts in each ascent in advance of its last descent, and falls in each descent in advance of its last ascent. Or perhaps its movements may be better likened to the epicycle in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy—a device by which they attempted to explain the apparent retrograde motion of the superior planets, representing their orbits as described on a crystalline sphere that ever moved stars, planets and epicycles together, along in its great revolutions.

I believe in no necessary mortality of states or civilizations, at least in the present or future. The forces of social progress are immortal; and by properly applying them, society may itself become immortal. These forces are eternal ideas—inextinguishable instincts of the human soul blending with, and consecrated by, the imperishable princi-

ples of the Christian faith. The apparent failures and deaths of civilization in the past, are owing to defect, distortion or disproportion of these forces. Society was imperfect in its vital or constituent elements, and, like all imperfect things, having wrought to the measure of the capacity of these elements, was destined to change or death. Ancient civilization lacked the full idea of Humanity in it as well as of Christianity. Having wrought to its measure without these elements, the fate of decay was necessarily on it. The periodic or cyclical movement in history proves not the mortality of these vital forces, but rather the reverse; it proves their perpetuity and omnipotence. For it is the incompleteness, the neglect or the violation of these forces, that has slain states and civilizations entombed in the past. The power of a life—principle is demonstrated as much by the death that ensues on its withdrawal or violation, as by the life that attends on its presence. This cycloidal and oscillatory movement, amounting to reform or revolution, or to dissolution and new creation, must go on till society attains its full complement of constituent elements and forces—that is, until the imperfect has reached the perfect. Indeed the millennium itself seems, in the programme of Revelation, to be only the most brilliant and enduring of the cycles of time, but mortal like its predecessors, and bearing the race in its descent to the final revolt and to the foot of the throne of doom. But these rotations or revolutionary movements I believe, need not strike so low as the death shade, but may simply achieve reform within the circle of life.

Indeed, in one aspect the rapidity and power of these vital forces and of the social life are represented by the rapidity of these rotations. They mark revolutions of the wheel of progress. In the dim and distant past, the strokes of that wheel are heard only at vast intervals, like the leap of Hesiod's horses of the gods; which, making one bound, awful ages have passed away. So of the car of social progress; the wheel strokes at first fall on the ear solemn and slow over the vast and twilight profound. But, quickening with time, they grow more and more rapid as they approach, till at length they become indistinguishable, and sweep by us with the continuous rush of the steam car, hurrying storm-like to its goal.

In this respect the rotary movement of modern history finds its analogue in the cyclone, or tornado, which has a double movement; one rotary on its own axis, the other projected along the great circle of the storm—the rapidity of the one measuring that of the other.

We are dealing in this question with no pro-

blem of speculative philosophy, nor in the spirit of merely curious inquiry, but earnestly and anxiously, as we would feel the pulses of a dying friend. The hour is awful with destiny. A mortal crisis, such as comes only once in ages, is upon our country. Shall it live or die? Philosophy, the most profoundly and widely speculative, is here intensely practical.

What remedy, then, may a search guided by such philosophy discover for our national disaster? What revitalization from decay? What restoration from ruin? In some diseases the malady itself discloses both the cause and the cure. So it is with societies. Social convulsions are a social apocalypse. Revolution is revelation. The upheaval and overturn reveal what smoother and tranquil times never disclose—elements and forces ever at work in the deeps, but commonly hidden and voiceless.

As the geologist, in his researches into the dynamic laws and structure of the earth's mass, takes a position, not where the smooth champagne spreads out in level lawns and rich gardens, smiling with fruit and flower; but in fields of ruin and the disaster of nature; where the earthquake has torn open the earth's bosom, and, gazing down the rent, he may read her interior constitution and forces, and may trace the awful subterranean powers which build or destroy her structure, vitalize or waste her surface, which have left their finger prints on the rent marble or the molten granite on the dingy sides of the chasm, or are still stirring the eternal fires below: so we may now take position beside the abyss that has opened in our American society, and trace powers, laws and elements heretofore but dimly disclosed under our smooth and beautiful prosperity. A wrong, hoar and mighty, has heaved under our foundations. The deeps have been torn open and their secrets disclosed. Frightful and infernal forms—passions and powers undreamed of by us, the grisly and goblin troop of Death and Hell—are emergent from Erebus; come back as from ages of fabulous corruption and crimes, to affright the fair world again. The rent abyss also reveals the enduring demiurgic forces of society; the forces creative, organic, conservative and destructive—Brahma, Vishnu and the dreaded Siva—all are there, and all are one. These demiurgic forces, these world-builders and destroyers, are Ideas; eternal and profoundest constituents of our humanity. Normally and legitimately at work, like the impalpable forces of nature, they elaborate order, beauty and life; but, suppressed and disturbed, they breed the tempest and the earthquake. They are the ideas, primordial, organic and vital, to our civilization and institutions; powers invoked by our

fathers at the beginning, and by them inaugurated over the Empire they founded. It is these ideas—resisted, stifled and imprisoned, which have upheaved in this ruin.

And now what shall we do? Shall we renounce these ideas? Shall we cast away the vital principles of our civilization? the architectonic genius of our institutions? Shall we discard our theory of popular liberty as a chimera and a curse? Surely not. Our fathers were no political dreamers or fanatics. The ideas they invoked were eternal truths, essential and immortal instincts of humanity, appointed of God to vitalize and guard social progress; powers that utter themselves in the spirit of the age; that bear on our modern civilization; powers that are imperial, omnipotent—the Lords of History. They are stronger than empires, longer lived than the centuries. They will shape the order of the millennial cycle itself. No! Our fathers rightly invoked these to their aid, as immortal and Heaven-appointed architects. They will live whether we live or die. If we live we live by them. But if we live by them, we must respect their authority and the conditions of their beneficent action; and that, constantly and consistently, through all political and social life and order. Collision, limitation or exception will destroy us, even as they are destroying us now.

Heaven's gifts of power are all conditioned. A power for good may be a power for evil. Shall we, therefore, abandon them? Shall we cast away the gift of fire, because neglected or abused when we introduce it into our dwellings, it may burn them up? Or shall we discard that power by which alone the ship may breast the wind, wave and current, because not rightly guarded or unduly repressed, or generated in too feeble a receiver, it will blow up the ship? Gunpowder explodes the muzzled cannon. Shall we, therefore, abandon its aid in art and battle? These ideas we have brought into our system and installed as sovereigns over it, but we have disregarded the conditions of their beneficent action and transgressed their ordinances. We obstructed, repressed, and attempted to muzzle and stifle them. An explosion has ensued that has filled land and sea with our ruin. What society needs now is not their expulsion, but the removal of obstructing and antagonistic elements from our social and political system. Their power to vitalize, restore and conserve, is demonstrated by their very power to destroy when resisted and outraged. This present rebellion is a WAR OF IDEAS: started because of no actual sufferings, such as make nations mad, nor because of alleged actual oppression and

material wrongs; but in the name of resistance to ideas. IDEAS have sprung up in the form of a million of armed men, who go forth to battle for no vulgar and material interests such as have moved in the common wars of history, but in the name of principles, abstract and universal.

But let us explain what we mean by ideas, and specially such as are concerned in the creation, organization and conduct of society. By ideas, then, we mean original, universal and immortal sentiments or convictions of the human soul. Original, not necessarily in the sense of innate, but as having their origin in the constitution of the soul, and developed immediately on application to affairs. Universal, because found wherever man is found on such application to affairs, and uttered, unless stifled by usage and force. Immortal, as an imperishable part of our humanity, and incapable of lasting defeat or death by default or prescription, or by enforced disuse and silence; under a world's weight of repression for ages still continuing to live and ready to burst forth; born anew with every new-born soul, and not to be extinguished save with the extinction of humanity itself.

Ideas concerned in political order are of two classes, viz:

First. Those of the Rights of Liberty, or those rights we are wont to speak of, as the RIGHTS OF MAN; as for example, my right to myself, my person, my hands, my senses. These I feel are my rights from the necessity of my nature, as soon as I arrive at self-consciousness and self-reflection, as against the claim of any fellow-man. I feel this instinctively, immediately, immortally. So of the right of thought, belief, conscience, speech, and the like. So of property and the fruits of my labor, and of the pursuit of happiness. These ideas constitute the foundation and forces of freedom. They are an essential part of the definition of humanity. We shall term them by way of classification in this argument, HUMAN RIGHTS, OR THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

The second class springs up immediately on the right apprehension of a God, and are a part of the definition of His name. When man looks around on nature and being, he feels there is a power above him who has created and endowed, and who sustains, and ministers to him; and who, therefore, owns him, and has rightful claim to him and all his faculties and works. To Him, therefore, appertains the right of authority, command, rule. This right attaches also to all whom He may depute or constitute as rulers. This class of ideas, therefore, I term,

for the sake of classification, as well as from a regard to the person to whom these are primarily due, the RIGHTS OF GOD, or DIVINE RIGHTS. It is true all rights ultimately centre in God, and look to Him as vindicator. But I use the term selected, for the sake of strongly marked antithesis.

This second class of ideas are those creative, organic and conservative of government, and are, like their correlatives, instinctive and immortal. The two combined are the factors of all civil liberty, of all free, permanent and beneficent social or political order. They were designed of Heaven to organize and rule society in joint regnancy—mutually complimentary, and bracing each other to greater strength, like the opposite sides of the arch. As in case of the two forces that keep the earth in its path through the ecliptic, so their co-action is requisite, and in fit proportion and direction, to keep society in its sphere and course. As in the solar system, either of the two forces failing or distorted, the earth would rush into the central flame or the outward abysses of night and frost; so, either of the social forces failing or distorted, society rushes upon anarchy or despotism. So, either side of the arch built up by itself, or overtopping the other, the structure falls in ruin, crushing those who seek shelter under it. But the two classes of ideas, co-acting in joint and harmoniously adjusted rule, society were perfect and immortal.

It would seem as though some arch device of a god of evil had struck through all past history, so constantly and universally these forces have been made to antagonize or have been thrown out of harmony and proportion, making civil liberty impossible, and converting society into a Bastile or a Bedlam.

Over the vast realms of the Orient—from where the Yellow Sea washes the coasts of Eastern Asia, to the cataracts of the Nile—a theocratic organization of society has prevailed from the morning of history—an organization in which the rights of God have been usurped by priest, patriarch, pontiff, monarch or caste, and then turned as a "devilish enginery" to crush and smother the rights of man. An arrogated Divine despotism has left no room for human liberty. China, India, Assyria, Persia, Syria, and Egypt, have been subjected to this stifling pressure of theocratic despotisms, old and ponderous as their mountains, and high as the heavens, presenting through forty centuries vast dungeon-houses of mind; dungeon-houses built and garrisoned by the gods themselves, and divided into separate compartments, where the millions ground on, in gloom; cut off from the solace of mutual sympathy by castes, and locked, each in separate cells,

which mortal hand might not open; for the keys had been borne off by the celestials. Through these vast and magnificent climes, humanity dared not look up. *Human Rights* were not—at least had no utterance, no breath. Their very idea had been extinguished, were it not essentially immortal. Indeed, throughout the Orient, through all the past, civil liberty seems to have had no existence—even no idea; save, to some extent, in the commercial cities of the Phœnician stock; and among the Hebrews, who, though in theocratic organization, were delivered from theocratic despotism, by the fact that the Invisible king never delegated his authority to prophet, priest, monarch or order; and consequently popular freedom was conserved, not smothered, under the Rule of God.

Ancient occidental civilization, though escaping the clamps of hereditary caste, caste, and of patriarchy and priest-rule, furnishes a case but little more favorable for the rights of humanity. Here the State was God, and before its usurpation of the Divine Prerogative there were no Human Rights, sacred or indefeasible. The *rights of man as man* were unknown. The boasted liberties of Greece and Rome were only the civil equality of the lordly few among themselves, and their equal liberty to dominate the millions below. But in the presence of the State, the mightiest as well as the meanest, Eupatrid and Patrician, a Themistocles and Epaminondas, the Fabii, the Cornelli, the Scipios, and the Bruti, were alike slaves. Indeed, the idea of humanity with the individual sanctity and sovereignty of prerogatives in each human soul, seems to have had no place in ancient occidental civilization, save in connection with Christianity. And Christianity entered that world, not in time to save it, but to seed it for a far future. When the old world fell, the barbarism in which it sank was a social ruin—a confusion of all rights and wrongs, where no principle was dominant, where there was in continuance neither despotism nor liberty—a chaos of anarchies surging on under the night, momentarily crystalizing into despotic forms, and momentarily dissolving what it had created.

From these ages of wild violence the nations sought pity and shelter from the Heavens. Even spiritual despotism was a refuge; and for a spiritual despotism the times were ripe. Christian faith, it is true, still lived in the heart of the world, as it must ever live, with a life immortal. But as a public power, Christianity had crossed the gulf of ruin, chiefly as a superstition and a hierarchy; and from the barbaric violence, the crimes and wretchedness of the times, the spiritual usurpation

grew like an exhalation from Hell-soil. Over province, diocese, nation and continent, the hierarchical structure rose in many-storied gloom, arch on arch, and vault o'er vault, till it culminated in a central dome that loomed through the pale night o'er the nations, like the palace of infernal Dis. And the ghostly power enshrined therein, and fulminating, in the name of the Heavens, over mankind, was saying to itself: "I will ascend up; I will be "as God; I stay the morning star in his deep "course; I beat back the day with my beams "of night." The earth shuddered and crouched below; Human Rights shrivelled and shrank away in such a presence. They were driven from their last citadel in the human soul itself. Even there humanity wore the chain. Even there men trembled at their own free thoughts, and asked pardon for having dared to think them, from the terrible despotism that grasped both worlds. They felt guilty in their secret conscience for having ever harbored any dream of human rights, and confessed themselves as deserving therefor the vengeance of temporal and eternal fires. So deeply was human liberty, in those gloomy ages, crushed down under usurped Divine Prerogative!

Nor did the insurrection of nations against that usurpation effect a deliverance from this vicious and ruinous antagonism of Human and Divine Rights. By it nations were emancipated, but souls, to a great extent, left enslaved. The central, universal, spiritual monarchy, broke into a multitude of mimic, bastard papacies, whose tyranny, as it was less logical, was in consequence, in many regards, more vexatious and oppressive than that of the Imperial Mother. They stimulated and tempted a liberty by their theories, for which they burned and beheaded men in practice.

In those parts of Europe that broke from the Papal See, despotisms over mind passed from Rome to the National Capitals, to Privy Councils, Consistories and Star-Chambers; and nations were borne down under the double pressure of Church and State, now for mutual gain, allied in joint conspiracy against the rights of man. Against this politico-ecclesiastical tyranny, the ideas of liberty have since been gradually protesting, and vindicating themselves; though fragments of it still remain in most of the States of even Protestant Europe, where it still asserts itself in penalties temporal or spiritual, or lingers in the dogma of the "right Divine of kings to govern wrong."

In some countries it has passed to the realms purely ideal and moral; to the tyranny of public opinion, or that of majorities; so loth is

the evil power to leave the body he has possessed so long.

Such—so disastrous, so perpetual, so universal, has been the perturbing force of the usurpation of Divine Rights antagonized against those of man, in the history of the world; so wide has it driven society from its proper free orbit.

But against this war of Divine right upon Human, there has been often a recoil, and the recoil has been as the pressure, often desperate, exasperated, explosive, ruinous—not less disastrous to civil liberty than the oppression against which it rose. The eternal ideas of humanity suppressed, stifled, crushed down in darkness and deeps, manacled, blinded for ages, have at times burst their prison-house; and like the children of Old Night, have emerged—a power of blind rage—into the superior realms. Like the giants of ancient fable, bound under Erebus, with the closures of the mountains above them, but at last bursting their chains, upheaving the rent earth as they rose, and standing before the sun, stalwart, grim and vast, blinded with the sudden light and with rage; then rushing with the broken bars of Tartarus and the seized thunders of Jove, on Olympus, and driving the superior gods to the outer abysses—so these eternal forces of humanity, long prisoned under night, often bloodily beat back in attempted uprisings, have at times upheaved against the pressure of despotisms piled higher than *Ætnas* upon them; and overturning thrones and empires and civilizations as they rose, have emerged into the realms of power.

The earth has shuddered at their ruinous wrath and their million-handed strength; and the high ones have fled from their seats in terror. Maddened and blinded by ages of night and wrong, trodden down and crushed in the name of God, finding the Heavens apparently banded with their oppressors, the Church conspiring with the State, they have raged alike against the thrones of Earth and Heaven; brandishing their broken manacles both in the face of God and the king.

So it has often been in modern history. So it was, signally, with France at the close of the last century. Humanity, with its consciousness of imprescriptible right, long borne down, pinioned and prisoned by Church and State in malign alliance, at length upheaved at once, against God and the Bourbons. An abyss opened under the most brilliant civilization in Christendom, and the pride and beauty and glory, not only of France, but of Europe, descended into it before it could be closed. The millions arose in blind fury against monarchy and religion that jointly oppressed and

tortured them. Human rights raged against Divine; Liberty against Christianity, to the infinite disaster of both. So it has been in other European upheavings and revolutions, since, and so it must ever be, as long as a tyrannical Church leagues with a tyrannical State. The emancipation of nations will become insurrection against God, and civil liberty impossible. For, as De Tocqueville most wisely utters, "nations to be free must believe." This is the despair of European politics at this hour: placed between the sad alternatives of devout tyranny on the one hand, and impious and infidel liberty on the other; of freedom without authority, or authority without freedom; of rights without duties, or duties without rights; superstition consecrating despotism, or skepticism unloosing anarchy! It is Christian in the valley of the shadow of death—on one side the bottomless infernal bog, on the other the flames grinning and shrieking with goblins and fiends.

Christianity seems to have been to the European mind, in the mass, an orb of perturbation—not of illumination—swaying it as the moon does the water to a tidal movement, as well on the unilluminated as the illuminated side of the earth. It has stirred the sense of right in millions which it has but imperfectly illuminated. The light of Christianity has touched them as the morning twilight strikes through some noisome cavern, arousing to activity all the creatures of night—bats, serpents, and all foul and venomous things, which more light will disperse.

A stronger illumination is required for European emancipation; an illumination that shall show them that a hierarchy is not Christianity; and Christ a liberator, not an oppressor of nations. "More light!" is the cry from the million, baffled and groping, amid forms half-revealed or phantoms—"more light!" like the despairing prayer of Ajax in the drama—"Light, light, light, O gods! and in the light even let me die."

So disastrous has been the antagonism of these two classes of ideas, these two eternal social forces in history. The arch built up on one side only, has fallen on the millions below. Society, driven from its fitting orbit of law and liberty, has rushed upon the abysses of despotism or anarchy. Civil liberty in perpetuity has seemed impossible.

Christianity relieves this despair of history. She is the term of reconciliation between the two. She weds human right to divine. She puts these two forces of the social system in adjustment and harmony. She does this by giving divine origin, authentication and inauguration, to both orders of ideas—those of lib-

erty and those of authority. She derives both from God; baptizes, consecrates and crowns both. She does this for Human Rights, or those of liberty, by express command, by implication and by institution.

1st. By command—expressly enjoining the exercise of private judgment, the assertion of individual liberty in the mightiest, most pervasive and most primordial of all interests, in the sphere central to all life, thought and being—that of religion. By the ordinance to the individual to "prove all things," to "call no man master upon earth," &c., she emancipated the mind, and ultimately the State and society.

2d. By implication. She established relations, duties and responsibilities that of necessity implied liberty. Individual accountability to God, for example, was freedom from man. When she placed man before the Eternal Throne for final judgment, she broke the despotism of Pontiff or Prelate, of Council, Consistory, Synod or Star Chamber. If, according to my free belief and act, I am to stand or fall before the Last Judgment, let no one arrogate to stand between me and my reason and conscience now, that cannot stand between me and the Judge then.

3d. By institution. She has instituted a society of disciples which she organizes, frames and administers on the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity.

Thus she first freed men in spirituals. But freedom, of necessity, passed thence to the temporal realm and to all life; from religion to politics, from ideas to institutions. This is a necessity of the unity of mind, of truth and of affairs. Mind is one, and carries the same habits of will and the same methods and instruments of reasoning into all departments of thought and action. There cannot be in the same mind a chamber of light and liberty fast by one dark and clanking with chains. We must be free everywhere, or soon find we are free nowhere. Truth is one, and we soon find we cannot pursue her freely at all, unless we do it universally. One thread grasped freely soon brings up the whole web. Truth must advance freely as a whole, or it cannot advance far. I am stopped as surely by a tether of my little finger as of my whole body.

Again, affairs are one. Spiritual and temporal interlace and interlock, till "each seems either." Legislation cannot hunt down heresy without hunting down civil freedom. The tyranny of the keys requires the tyranny of the sword, and the right of free belief will ultimately vindicate that of free suffrage. Edicts of uniformity will require edicts of ship-money. A Jeffries and a Laud will not be far asunder;

nor a Luther and Prince of Orange, in historical succession.

Thus history shows us the Lutheran Reformation beginning as an insurrection against the central spiritual despotism of Christendom, and ending in the political independence of the States of the European system; the English Revolution commencing in non-conforming Puritanism, and ending in the Bill of Rights. Religious persecution, it was, that forced the Netherlands to political independence and maritime empire. The American Revolution, also, it is now manifest, crossed the ocean in the Mayflower.

In like manner Divine Right, or that of authority and government, is vindicated and inaugurated by Christianity, by express precept and implication. She commands and she enjoins on her ministers to teach subjection to "the powers that be; to Kings, Governors and Magistrates, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake." She vindicates the rights of social order and the majesty of the law, recognizing civil government as an ordinance of God; resistance to which brings on itself "damnation." And this under the reign of a Nero. Even under him, the Imperial rule had not abdicated entirely the scriptural and proper idea of a government. It was in the main a government of law, and was the only barrier between the empire and anarchy. It was far better than that Inferno; and was probably on the whole as good a government as the world was then capable of.

But when Government departs from its essential idea and becomes a power of sheer lawlessness and crime—not "a terror to evil doers or a praise to them who do well," and bearing the sword in vain, except for injustice and cruelty—then it is pure diabolism, an ordinance of Satan. And Christianity chains the nations to no such tyrannies. She guards her commands to submission with qualifications and definitions and limitations that protect the race from eternal enslavement to Satanic power. She does not forbid nations from reforming or changing governments. But government, true to its idea, legitimately established or accepted by a nation, she arms with the authority of Heaven.

Especially in case of a government like our own; one so beneficent, so legitimate and "clear in its great office," all metaphysical questionings about the right of rebellion and revolution become absurd and atrocious. Her nature and claim are clear as the sun in Heaven. And insurrection against such a Government; one so founded, so constituted, and so administered; so gentle and benign; and one sheltering a prosperity so vast and so brilliant,

and garnering in itself such destinies of millions numberless, present and to be—yea, of the race of man—insurrection against such a Government—against so much happiness, so much promise and power of good, is beyond historic parallel, and requires some new term in the nomenclature of recorded crime. It is a conspiracy against all liberty; against christian civilization; yea, against human nature itself.

Moreover, not only does Christianity inaugurate and set in harmonious co-action, these two orders of ideas, creative and organic, of free society; it also ministers to the continuance or renewal of social life, by ministering a palinogeny—a new birth—to the ideas themselves.

The genius of liberty has not always been humane, gentle, just; as regardful of duties as of rights; as considerate of others' claims as ready to assert her own. Arrogant, violent, clannish, selfish, has often been her manifestation in history. Through these vices her political creations have often perished. But Christianity breathes on her the breath of a new life—that of love and of sympathy with universal humanity—and a love and sympathy kindling to the power of a passion, because communing with no abstract philosophy, but with the person of a living Christ. In consequence, these ideas will be themselves mightier, and their work more enduring. For liberty that is partial or selfish, and does not assert herself for all men, is illogical and suicidal; she perishes herself, through the violation done to humanity in the classes she does not vindicate. Liberty to be immortal must be universal.

The ancient Republics are styled "*classic*." So, in a certain sense they were in liberty as well as in literature, and in their general civilization. These were of a class only, and for a class, with no sympathy for the masses. "*Odi profanum vulgus, arceo*." "I hate the profane rabble and keep them off;" the utterance of the most genial of Latin lyric poets is characteristic of the "*classic*" civilization.

It had no sympathy with the rights of man as man, and on this rock it suffered shipwreck. But of our social order, among the most hopeful signs, is a sympathy extending down more and more to the masses from all departments of our civilization. Our institutions, our political economy, our laws and our literature, in all its divisions—Philosophy, Poetry, History and Romance—as also Art—mechanic and fine—are all more and more of and to and for the million.

By this I feel that civilization gives assurance of its perpetuity and its approach to the

Better Era, in that its circle of sympathy is becoming more and more commensurate with all humanity.

In like manner, the sentiment of Divine Right, or of authority, which has, for the most part, been too wont to bear itself haughty, insolent, oppressive and hard of heart, is, by Christianity, imbued with a new life, and made gentle, reverent, conscientious, and of quick and genial sympathy. It cannot but conduce to this result that the mightiest and meanest, the wearer of purple as of rags, governors, lords, emperors, as well as slaves, must each kneel in prayer, morning and evening; must sue for mercy, living, and in the dying hour, and look for doom, in the Great Judgment, to one who, in this world, was a poor man, a laborer, a carpenter, a Galilean peasant.

Christianity also ministers to the eternal youth of society, by opening perpetually a fountain of self-sacrificing and self-devoting benevolence in it. This it does in establishing in it the Church—an association expressly organized on the principle of self-consecration to the public good.

No society can permanently live on the mere selfish principle. Organize and frame constitutions never so perfectly, if left to mere egoism, they will at last run down. Spite of multitudinous individual acts of self-devotion and of an extraordinary prevalence of public spirit in the republics of antiquity, they at last died of this vice of our nature—a vice which Christianity aims to check and expel.

Finally, Christianity ministers new life, primordially and elementally, to nations, by ministering new life perpetually to individual souls.

Standing thus on the height of these principles, with the lights of history behind me, throwing illumination on the future, I see in the vast ruin around me demiurgic forces, potent to restore, and to eternize what they restore. These forces are immortal ideas of the human soul, authenticated, revitalized and consecrated by our Christian Faith, *i. e.* Humanity touched of God. These are the essential and primordial principles of our political structure; the vital and organic powers of our institutions and of our social order; the quickening, pervasive, plastic genius of our civilization. In them our national "life-stream tracks its parent lake." In them our Fathers trusted, and in their name they wrought.

First, then, of restorative means. "The heart of the children must be turned to the fathers," or the land is smitten with a curse evermore. Our faith in them must be renewed

and revived and the national mind be baptized anew in their principles. For by these we must live, must rebuild and garrison, and defend what we rebuild. If they have been overlaid and smothered by false, violative practice, we must renounce such practice. If the decay of our life spirit and our present terrible disorder is evidently traceable to elements and agencies antagonist and offensive to them, it is obvious we must eliminate from our social and political system such poisonous and offensive elements, and bring society to conform anew to our essential life-principles. We must recast our institutions, our practice, and our thought, after their model and in their spirit.

This we *must* do; for these are arbiters in the solemn National problem before us. They are lords of our National life and destiny; indeed, lords and arbiters of the future of society, enthroned over it by the Power that throned the stars in Heaven, whose sway we can shake off no more than a sky. They belong to immortal, sovereign laws, which society cannot cast away sooner than tear out its own consciousness; and which it may not dare disregard or defy; and whose rule will be more and more absolute with the progress of time and social enlightenment.

One of the most hopeful auguries for our National future, is found in the fact that the shock and agony of these times are tending so extensively to a revival and reassertion of these principles; that the Nation seems startled anew to the consciousness that its existence is bound up with the vindication and harmonious maintenance of both of the classes of rights above defined, wedded to Christianity—the co-ordinate rule of universal liberty, and universal law and love.

In the second place, we must endue society with a quick consciousness of the great vital organic law that springs from this co-ordinate rule—the resultant of the combined action of the two orders of ideas above indicated.

We need, in every way, to make profound and universal this conviction; and in every way to arm the National mind with a quick and clear intelligence, that shall recognize and guard ever this great central truth ordained by these co-regent principles, viz: that the voice of constitutional majorities pronounced in legal constitutional forms, and in accordance with constitutional provisions, is, under God, the Supreme Law. The public mind must be thoroughly and profoundly impressed with the conviction that the absolute rule of this principle, saving only the Divine Supremacy, is the only shelter for the liberty and prosperity of us all; the only barrier between us and Chaos and Old Night.

And again, while we aim to revitalize and reinvigorate the Ideas of the Rights of Liberty and of Authority, and to diffuse and deepen the conviction of the necessity of their joint sovereignty; especially we must strive also to imbue them with a Christian intelligence and a Christian spirit; and to draw them more and more into communion and sympathy with Jesus Christ. So shall we render them both more commanding and more beneficent. So society will be stronger and purer, and humanity more God-like and more free.

In the name and by the force and model of these principles of human and Divine right, we must rebuild and reanimate the Nation, or our nationality and civilization must both perish. To ignore or violate them in our social and political reconstruction, were as infatuated and impracticable as to essay some splendid achievement of architecture, discarding or defying the law of gravitation. We but build for ruin. We must also see to it that we guard them by constant, consistent practice; that we render them constantly, true and universal loyalty; that we do not paralyze or slay them by exceptional and class limitations. A principle must be sovereign, or soon it is nothing. Its authority perishes in presence of constant or frequent violation in practice.

We must, therefore remove any such offence or discrepancy from our social or political system or action. We must enforce consistency, simplicity, unity and harmony in theory and practice, or else we must perish by paralysis or explosion. We must cease to fear our own principles. Having embraced and inaugurated them, we must trust them. Faith is our safety. A half-way obedience ruins all. Of the opposite course, of attempting to combine together principles and practice irrepressibly repugnant, this American Nation has made trial enough, and that under conditions the most favorable conceivable, for success. The result is seen in our present disaster, showing the utter and hopeless futility of our attempt, and the terrible strength of those ideas which we at first invoked to preside over our national life, and which we have since attempted to repress or limit.

We have thought to incorporate in our social and civil order with eternal rights—human and divine—a vast wrong most audaciously and flagrantly violative of both. We have thought to do this—to bind up the torch and magazine together—and that with the self-consciousness of the nineteenth century burning and kindling upon it. As well lock up the earthquake or muzzle the volcano.

The explosion has filled land and seas with our ruin. We have made a signal experiment

of the irrepressible forces of the human mind and of the christian faith, fast bound in our political system by constitutional clamp and rivet with a crime they eternally abhor. And here, fellow-citizens, let us speak freely. It is time to do so as in a question of National Life. We are wont to speak of our National History as a grand experiment of liberty, of free institutions. It is a grand experiment of slavery—the grandest, the most awful one the world ever saw. It has been a trial, not of the power of freedom to live in singleness and supremacy, but of the power of liberty and slavery to live in the same constitution and society; of gunpowder and fire to dwell together. Now, if slavery, with all the strength and brilliancy of our civilization and empire to sustain it; with the prestige of hoary time and place and power; the guarantees of our Constitution to defend it; if, entrenched in political economy, in fashion, in politics, finance and religion, it still could not abide the spirit of liberty and christianity yet living among us, how and where can it live unless christianity and humanity be stifled?

We have simply attempted an impossibility in the nature of things; have attempted to combine principles, utterly, immortally, invincibly and explosively repugnant. A Government utterly dark and despotic may live awhile by evil consistency. So one purely light and free, may live immortally with the life of humanity and of christianity. But one attempting to combine liberty and slavery together, ties up the tempest in its bosom. An explosion is certain as a law of nature; and the danger and force of such explosion must increase with progressive civilization and christianity, as such progress will make antagonist principles more quickly conscious of each other's presence and mutual antagonism. Eternal unrest, anarchy and war must be the consequence, till one or the other is extinguished. So that if our experiment has failed in the past, it is still more hopeless in the future.

If in these circumstances it has produced an upheaving that has well nigh destroyed us, it is proof, not of the feebleness but of the strength of our vital ideas, and of the inability of our institutions to endure a strain which no mortal strength could bear; that there are forces in the moral world mightier than the force and cunning of man, resisting which, institutions, constitutions and empires must go down. This fact is no disparagement of free institutions, any more than their impotency to bind up the laws of gravitation, and stay the earth in her orbit. It is not the failure of freedom, but the failure of slavery, which we witness.

It is no failure of free institutions, but the eternal failure of attempting to combine them with slavery in the same political system. This failure was signal, final, conclusive. It is hardly possible to conceive of a case in which slavery could enter with greater advantages upon a trial of its ability to live in compact or companionship with the principles of a democratic government, or with the ideas of modern christian civilization. The strength of its position among us can hardly be over-estimated. Commerce, finance, political power, governmental place and patronage, time-consecrated usage and opinion, habit intertwined with manners, modes of thought and policy, and all domestic life, ecclesiastic position and sanction; constitutional guaranty and legislative compromise; a bold, brilliant, gifted championship—the strength of all these was hers.

To all these must be added, social amenities and graces, a generosity and refinement of class culture and sentiment that often invest with a charm an aristocratic order, and spread a superficial brilliancy over popular degradation and decay. To these we are grateful to join the presence of many manly and christian excellencies, that, by the force of favoring nature and culture, often subsist in connection with vicious and wrongful institutions, in multitudes conscious of no complicity of wrong, but which excellencies and virtues such institutions are wont to claim as their own product. Armed with all these, moreover, through her grasp upon our National Constitution, she wielded all the force of our empire and the energy of our free and christian civilization for repression at home, and for a shield against the public opinion of the world.

Thus intrenched, nothing can exceed the haughty confidence, the arrogance of strength with which she trampled on rights—human and divine—and sent forth her defiant challenge to the genius of American liberty and the moral sentiment of mankind. She disdained to plead at the bar of modern civilization. She thought to turn back the courses of history, and to lead captive its ruling ideas. She opened not her prison doors at the behests of any rights of man or of God. She endured no arbitration of earth or Heaven between her and her victims. "They are mine," was her utterance, "and no power may take them out of my hands. I allow no sanctuary for them. I drag them alike from the temples of justice and the Church of God. I scoff at your cant of philanthropy, your glittering generalities of liberty, your vapid platitudes of rights, your fanatical drivels of humanity. My law is might, and the strength of my right arm. I forbid all question of myself. I lock up the

lips of the eloquent and the pious. I shut up the school. I muzzle the press. I repel popular enlightenment. I invoke the power of darkness. I lead the forces of Freedom and Christianity themselves captive in my train."

The Highest heard—heard also the wail from the deeps; and He who is no respecter of persons, pined the hapless and hopeless millions in the prison-house of ages. He touched and commissioned in their behalf the immortal forces of history—the imperishable ideas of humanity—ever living in the heart of the millions. They arose to the rescue and plead the cause of the victims. The Dark Power against which they rose in moral warfare, stung, maddened by assaults it could not avert or repel, in rage at the impalpable and immortal assailants, struck in blind fury at the Union itself—that Union at once her shield and instrument. The stroke broke open the closures of her dungeon-house.

It is the hate and dread of immortal ideas, and of their utterance through speech and the press, and through public opinion and suffrage, that has led Slavery to strike at the life of the country. She thereby confesses her inability to live with free thought and free speech. Therefore she has broken asunder the Blessed Seals of Peace, let loose desolation and murder and massacre on the land, and turned our magnificent prosperity into the Shadow of Death.

And now that Slavery has with her own hand broken the pact that protected her, and has forfeited her guaranty of the Constitution, and confessed herself an immortal and implacable enemy of our vital principles, shall we, in the work of reconstruction, restore and reinstate her? Shall we reincorporate the plague into our system? Shall we take up the blazing timbers, now scattered in the explosion of public ruin, and attempt to rebuild them into the National Structure? If so, we but labor in the very fire. We challenge fate. We build conflagration, explosion, ruin, into our architecture. A mightier agony, a deadlier fall, a deeper abyss, a ruin still more ruinous, awaits us in the future.

Slavery—the sighs from her vast prison house of past ages, swollen with the rage and agony of this civil war, following her like a tempest—now stands before us, the confessed enemy of our national life—reaching hands for readmittance across the gulf of public ruin, and over the graves of half a generation. Shall we clasp those hands again, reeking with the blood of a million of our countrymen? A mighty army of melancholy, heroic shadows, forbid.

Shall we again build up the torch and the magazine together, and hope to bind up explosion? We attempt an impossibility. We are in conflict with eternal and resistless forces. We might sooner wrestle with the stars in their courses. We grapple with Omnipotence.

Let us build anew, and purify of Truth, Right, and of Eternal Ideas. Let us do it for the sake of the human race. Their hope is garnered in our trial. If that fails, if freedom stricken down with us, by our adhesion to slavery, perishes on this continent, then the shadow is turned back on the dial-plate of time for a gloomy cycle. The hopes of millions in other lands—long looking to us—become, for ages, a flat despair.

Let us do this for the sake of Peace—beautiful, blessed Peace! I long for peace. But I know we cannot have it while incorporating elements immortally repugnant, into our system, political and social. We cannot have peace while infolding a crime that draws on us the malediction of mankind and the curse of Heaven; while at war with the imperishable instincts of humanity and the sentiments of religion. With these eternal forces not at rest, all peace is a mockery and impossibility. For the sake of Peace, then, let us have simplicity in our reconstruction and reorganization.

Let us eliminate from our social and political life the element that drives us upon the hopeless conflict. Let us build with the eternal ideas of Right as our agents and standard. Let us do this, I repeat, for the sake of Peace. We want peace, not so much with rebels, but peace with Humanity, with Christianity, with the genius of Liberty and Law; with the immortal forces of the human soul, with the civilization of Christendom and Spirit of the Age; and with the government of God. Not in accordance with these, all peace is a mockery; it will be endless agony and fever. In accord with them, we shall have a peace garrisoned by the angels of Christianity and the human soul. The powers of civilization will be appeased; the long agitation will cease, and the Nemesis of an oppressed race will cease to wander through our empire. Otherwise, peace, spite of negotiations and reconstructions, is hopeless, except over the grave of the nation, or of civilization itself.

Let us do this for the sake of the martyrs of this war. When we think again to wed American Liberty to American Slavery, a million of forms start from their bloody graves to forbid the bans. "Give us," they cry, "our guerdon—the reward of our toil and pains and blood; give us a Republic, all free—of constitutional liberty, not constitutional slavery.

For this—for this we have given freely youth and hope, sweet home, the gladness of this fair world, and the joy to behold the sun. O! let it not be in vain."

Refuse to hear that cry, and it becomes a mighty despair—wailing, like the night-wind from the melancholy climes of the South, the dirge of National Honor, Liberty, Life, and heroic glories, lost evermore. Let us hear their cry and give them their guerdon. On their heroic graves let us build an arch of Liberty and Law; of Rights—Human and Divine—every explosive and alien element removed; an Arch Triumphant, under which coming free nations may march on to new achievement and glory.

The martyrs of the Republic rest in stoneless, nameless graves. They sleep lone and afar. No footsteps of love and sorrow may visit their place of rest; no sister's eye may drop a tear over their repose. In grass-grown tumuli of multitudinous and promiscuous sepulture, or shrouded in autumn leaves in the lone forest dell, in the dank everglade, or the cypress gloom, or where the orange groves sigh over the unreturning brave; along many a sad stream, rushing purple to the Southern Gulf, or those which roll the forms of heroes to the Atlantic main; in high mountain solitudes, or in the depths of ocean, they sleep until the resurrection morn.

Nature guards the mystery of their repose, the solemn winds breathe of it to forest and ocean; the lone stars of night look down upon them, and morn and even drop their dewy tears. But, from the knowledge of living men, not only their forms, but their graves are hid forevermore. Their being fades into the vast and shadowy past; their dust blends with the air and earth and flood, and mingles with universal nature. Blessed peace shall come again to deck these climes with beauty; but for our martyred heroes it will find no monument, no tomb.

Let us build them more than Pyramid, or Mausoleum, or Westminster—a temple of Living Liberty, overarching a continent, where the spirits of the true, the loved, the gifted, the brave, may come back and walk with the memories of holy and heroic souls of all time, and with the genius of American liberty through the ages. So it best fits. Be this great Continental Republic their monument as it is their grave; their Temple, where the battle-hymn of heroes, and the sweet psalm of the Saints shall mingle with the clank of no chain, the sigh of no slave.

Let us build for eternal time.

So built, our structure shall stand, guarded for aye, as never was Eden by "limitary cherub," by the immortal forces of the human soul and the Christian Faith; yea, o'erwatched perpetually by the Sabbaoth of God. So constituted and guarded, it shall have no principle of decay. It shall be in accord with eternal powers. It shall stand through earth's better era. With God's favor it shall defy the corruptions of time. Its starry symbol, now torn of the battle-storm, and beset with treason and

hate and the powers of darkness, floating aloft far above their impotent rage, shall stream on and on, in the skies of beautiful peace beyond, till the archetypal constellations shall themselves fall from Heaven. And thus our political structure—the House of Liberty and Law and Love—shall abide, till its glory of arch and spire and dome shall blend with the amethyst and chrysolite and sapphire of the New Jerusalem.

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